

WEIRD THULLERS #5 Z-D 10-14/52

PARTNERS WITH

- 1 KOTZKY
- 2 RIZZI +
- 3 VIC MARTIN +
- 4 FR. GRACIA +
- 5 POWELL

WEIRD
THRILLERS

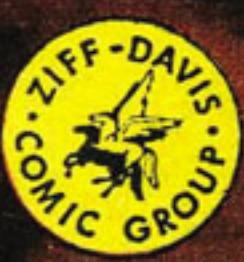
Death At The Mardi Gras... PAYMENT IN FULL

WEIRD

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10c

No. 5
OCT.-NOV.



Thrillers



Talons of Terror...
WINGS OF DEATH

The Claws Of The Cat...
THE STALKING DOOM

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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ON A DESOLATE HIGHWAY, NOT FAR FROM NEW ORLEANS, A CAR MOVES CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD AGAINST THE ELEMENTS...

PAYMENT IN FULL!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN THIS STORM! WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED 'TILL MORNING!

WHY DON'T YOU RELAX? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!



MOMENTS LATER, THE MOTOR SPLUTTERS NOISILY AND GOES DEAD!

YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS, EH? BY THE TIME WE GET TO NEW ORLEANS THE MARDI GRAS WILL BE OVER!

NO, IT WON'T! WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE OURSELVES A BUNDLE OF DOUGH, LIKE I SAID! LEAVE IT TO ME, BABY!



YOU WAIT HERE, DORIS. I'LL GO UP THE ROAD AND SEE IF I CAN FIND A HOUSE!

AND LEAVE ME ALONE?
NOTHING DOING!
WE'LL BOTH GO!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

I'M SOAKED!

THERE'S A HOUSE! RIGHT UP AHEAD!

I-I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, CHRIS! IT'S SO DARK!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AT MIDNIGHT? C'MON, WE'LL GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK!



SUDDENLY, A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES THE SCENE...

CHRIS!
L--LET'S GET BACK TO THE CAR!

WHAT FOR? WE CAN DRY OFF HERE! C'MON!

I DON'T MIND WALKING BACK IN THE RAIN, CHRIS -- HONEST! ONLY LET'S NOT GO IN! I'M S-- SCARED!

I'VE BEEN IN THE GAMBLIN' RACKET TOO LONG TO LET AN OLD HOUSE BLUFF ME. THE MINUTE I GET THIS BOARD LOOSE, I'LL PROVE IT!



SAY, LOOK - A REAL OLD-FASHIONED FIREPLACE! IN JUST ABOUT FIVE MINUTES WE'RE GOIN' TO BE AS COMFY AS TWO BUGS IN A RUG!



SEE, YOU'RE FEELING BETTER ALREADY! THE MINUTE THE STORM BLOWS OVER, WE'LL HEAD FOR TOWN AND THE BIG DOUGH! ONE GOOD POKER GAME, AND WE'LL BE IN THE CHIPS!



OKAY, CHRIS! I'M SORRY I WAS JUMPY!

THAT'S OKAY, BABY! A LITTLE KISS AND --

EEE EEE!



I-IT'S COMING FROM THE WALL!
W-WHAT IS IT?

S-STOP CHATTERING AND
GET OVER HERE BEHIND
ME --FAST!

LOOK! I-IT'S TAKING SHAPE!
IT SEES US!



SLOWLY, THE GLOWING LIGHT
TAKES ON SHAPE AND FORM... THEN GLIDES FORWARD INTO THE ROOM ...

AND IN HOLLOW TONES ADDRESSES THE CRINGING PAIR.



YOUR
WEAPON IS
USELESS--BUT
DO NOT BE
FRIGHTENED!

I SEEK YOUR AID--FOR ONLY
THOSE OF FLESH AND BLOOD
CAN DO WHAT I ASK! IF YOU
FULFILL MY REQUEST, BOTH OF
YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED!

YOU MEAN...
YOU'RE A REAL
SPOOK...A
GHOST?

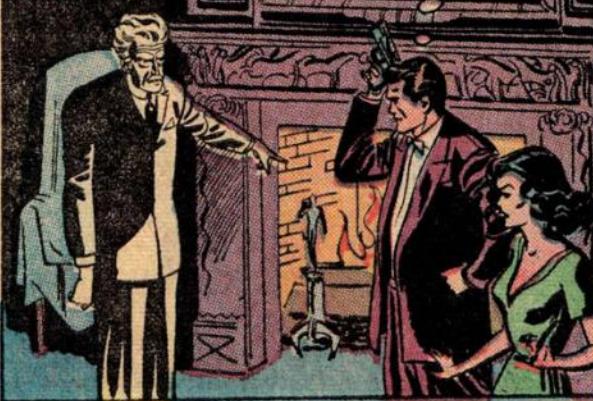


I AM THE SPIRIT OF ALBERT
LANDERS. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
AGO RICHARD WILSON ROBBED
AND BRUTALLY KILLED ME IN
THIS VERY ROOM! MY MURDERER
STILL LIVES - UNPUNISHED
FOR HIS CRIME!

BUT WHAT
CAN I DO?

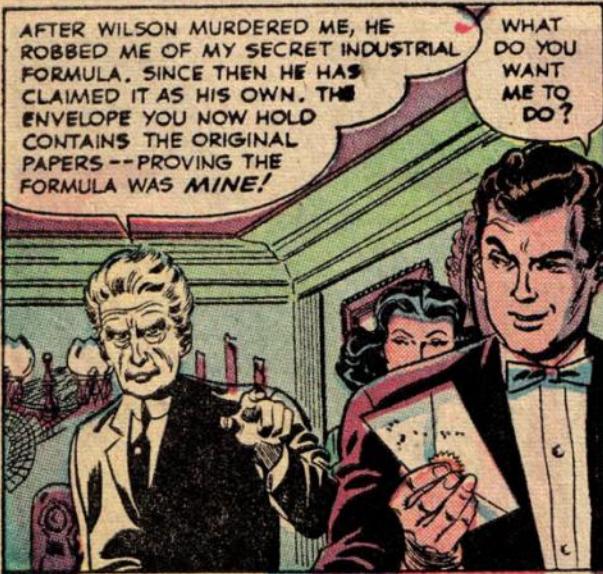
FIRST, REMOVE THIS BRICK FROM THE FIREPLACE - HURRY! THE MINUTES PASS AND I MUST SOON DEPART!

THIS IS THE CRAZIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED -- BUT MAYBE THERE'S AN ANGLE IN THIS FOR ME!



AFTER WILSON MURDERED ME, HE ROBBED ME OF MY SECRET INDUSTRIAL FORMULA. SINCE THEN HE HAS CLAIMED IT AS HIS OWN. THE ENVELOPE YOU NOW HOLD CONTAINS THE ORIGINAL PAPERS -- PROVING THE FORMULA WAS MINE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



SECONDS LATER, WHEN THE SPECTRAL IMAGE VANISHES ...

YOU'RE NOT GOING THROUGH WITH THIS, CHRIS! I'M AFRAID!

SHUT UP AND LISTEN! THIS IS OUR BEST BREAK SO FAR. THIS THING CAN PAY OFF PLENTY!



TO CHRIS' SURPRISE, THE BRICK COMES AWAY EASILY. REACHING IN, HIS SEARCHING HAND FINDS OBJECTS. CAREFULLY, HE TAKES THEM OUT AND...

IT'S A DIAMOND NECKLACE! IT MUST BE WORTH FIFTY GRAND!

AND IT'S YOURS-- IF YOU DO AS I ASK!



TAKE THE ENVELOPE TO THE POLICE IN NEW ORLEANS. THEY WILL NOT BELIEVE YOU HAVE SPOKEN TO THE SPIRIT OF ALBERT LANDERS - BUT THE ENVELOPE HERE CONTAINS THE PROOF. THEY WILL SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS... OF EVERYTHING!



WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE CAR! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! MAYBE THE MOTOR'S DRIED OUT... I'LL TELL YOU WHILE WE'RE DRIVING!



IN NEW ORLEANS AN HOUR LATER, THE MARDI GRAS IS IN FULL SWING...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN A FASHIONABLE PART OF TOWN...



AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE RESTAURANT WHERE DORIS IS WAITING...

HERE HE IS, BABY! IT TOOK A LITTLE COAXING - BUT HE'S SEEN THE LIGHT!

NEVER MIND THAT! LET'S SEE THOSE PAPERS!

C'MON, FELLA! JOIN IN THE FUN!

NOT NOW, SPORT! BE A NICE GUY - BEAT IT!

YAH-HOO!
WHEEEE!

HEY, WAITER! HOW ABOUT A PRIVATE BOOTH FOR MY PARTY?

AT ONCE, SIR!
FOLLOW ME!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

MAYBE NOW WE'LL HAVE SOME PRIVACY!

LET'S SEE THAT ENVELOPE! I'VE GOT THE CASH!

HAND IT OVER, DORIS! IT'S - SAY, WHAT'S EATING YOU?

BEHIND YOU, CHRIS! WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWED!

THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY, FELLA! CLEAR OUT - BEFORE I TOSS YOU OUT!

I'LL GIVE YOU THREE SEC -

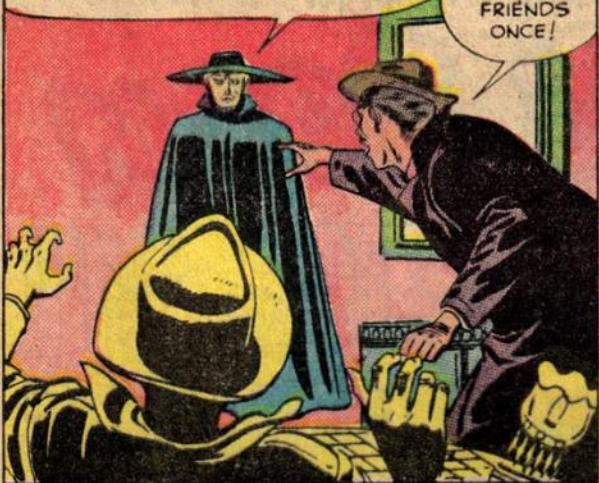
I-IT'S LANDERS! HE'S COME BACK!

I HAVE COME BACK, WILSON! TO ACCUSE YOU, WHO TOOK MY LIFE, AND THESE OTHER TWO WHO DECEIVED ME!

WAIT, LANDERS! WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE!

AND STILL YOU KILLED ME!
MURDERED ME!
KILLED ME!

WAITY
AEEEEEE!



AS THE SMOKE FILLS THE ROOM, CHRIS' BELLOWING VOICE SINKS TO A SOBING WHIMPER... THEN ALL BECOMES SILENT - EXCEPT FOR THE FIERCE CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

ARE THOSE THREE PEOPLE DEAD, OFFICER?

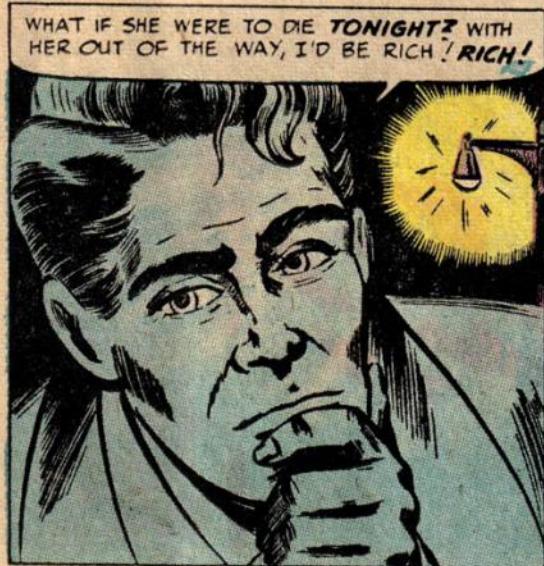
THAT'S RIGHT!
BUT WHAT BEATS ME IS THAT THEY COULD HAVE WALKED OUT OF THERE THE SAME AS YOU PEOPLE DID! THE DOORS ON THOSE BOOTHS DON'T HAVE ANY LOCKS ON THEM!



MOVIE ACTOR DEREK LAYNE THOUGHT HE COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING --
EVEN MURDER -- BUT HE FOUND THAT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM ...

The STALKING DOOM





I FORGOT
YOU, SAKI!

YOWRRRR!!

THERE! YOU - DEMON!

SMACK!



SOON THE ROOM WAS AN INFERNO...



BUT ONE VICTIM ESCAPES
DEREK'S MURDEROUS PLOT...

A WEEK AFTER THE TRAGEDY, DEREK
IS SUMMONED TO THE OFFICE OF HIS
AUNT'S ATTORNEY...



...LEAVE YOU A LEGACY) FOUR HUNDRED
DOLLARS! THE REST) HUNDRED DOLLARS!
GOES TO CHARITY!) WAIT - NO -
NO! I - I CAN'T) BELIEVE IT... EXCUSE
ME, MR. BARBER -- I - I
DON'T FEEL WELL!



SOMEHOW, DEREK GETS BACK
TO HIS DINGY FURNISHED
ROOM ...

SHE CHEATED ME! SHE
ROBBED ME! FOUR
HUNDRED DOLLARS?
A PITTANCE!

SHE DESERVED TO BE KILLED! THE
STINGY, OLD -- AH -- SAKI! BUT
YOU'RE DEAD!



NO! NO! GET AWAY
FROM ME, YOU DEVIL!
I-I-I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

WHEREVER DEREK TURNS, THE CAT'S BLAZING EYES HAUNT HIM... HE KNOWS SAKI IS STALKING HIM... AWAITING THE MOMENT OF REVENGE...



SOON THE \$400 IS GONE, SQUANDERED IN A VAIN EFFORT TO DROWN OUT DEREK'S SHAWING GUILT...

AND DON'T COME BACK -- YOU BUM!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE CAT WILL GET ME! I CAN'T HIDE ANYWHERE! HOW CAN I ESCAPE FROM A GHOST?



HA! INSTEAD OF PINK ELEPHANTS, HE SEES CAT GHOSTS! THAT'S ONE FOR THE BOOKS!



DEREK SINKS LOWER AND LOWER, UNTIL...

HELP ME OUT, MAC!
I NEED A CUP
OF COFFEE...

TAKE OFF,
BUM!

MISTER, I'M
HUNGRY, I...

DEREK LAYNE! GREAT
SCOTT, MAN! WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU?



JOHNSON! PLEASE,
LOU! HELP ME!
GIVE ME A JOB--
ANYTHING--
I'LL SWEEP
FLOORS! I'LL...
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
SWEEP
FLOORS,
LAYNE! I
DIDN'T WANT
TO FIRE YOU
FROM MY LAST
PICTURE! BUT YOU
CAME ON THE
SET DRUNK...

HELP ME,
LOU! I
WON'T
TOUCH A
DROP--
I'LL WORK
HARD!
ALL RIGHT, DEREK!
THERE'S A SMALL
PART FOR YOU IN A
COSTUME FILM
I'M DIRECTING!
REPORT TO THE
STUDIO TOMORROW
AT TEN! PULL
YOURSELF TOGETHER!

LATER...
I FEEL LIKE A NEW
MAN! I'LL START ALL OVER!
I'LL FORGET THE PAST...



THE NEXT MORNING...

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. LAYNE!
MR. JOHNSON IS ON SET FOUR!

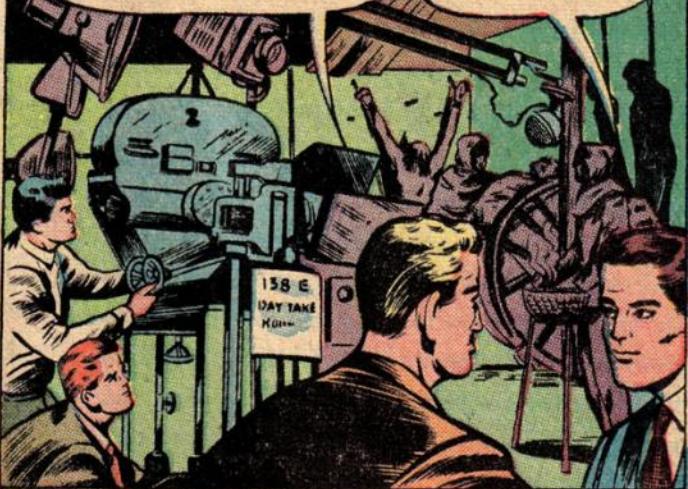
THANKS,
TOM!



KEEP OUT
ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

GO OVER TO THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT, DEREK! THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

MIND TELLING ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE PART?



IT'S ONLY A BIT! WE SHOW YOU GETTING PLACED IN THE IRON MAIDEN. YOU SCREAM -- WE CUT--AND THEN SHOW THE IRON MAIDEN WITH THE DOOR CLOSED!

AS DEREK TAKES HIS PLACE ON THE SET...

THERE'S NO CHANCE OF THAT CLOSING ON ME! THOSE SPIKES GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

DON'T WORRY! WE HAVE A MAN HOLDING THE DOOR. GOT HIM STRAPPED IN THERE, BOYS?



CAMERA! JOHNSON! JOHNSON! THAT CAT!



OW!!

THE DOOR!
HE'LL BE KILLED!

SAVE ME!
SAVE ME!
HELP!



AS THE HEAVY DOOR SWINGS SHUT, SAKI HAS AVENGED HIS MISTRESS... AND DEREK LAYNE PAYS THE PENALTY FOR MURDER!



THE END

CAGLIOSTRO—*Swindler or Superman?*

A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS AGO, there was a secret religious society which claimed that its president lived on the moon!

The time is 1779, ten years before the French Revolution. The place is anywhere in Europe, in any one of a dozen secret underground lodges of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science. A new convert, having been investigated for months and questioned carefully for days, is about to be admitted into the mysteries of a cult so alien that many insist that it originated in a completely non-human mind.

But whatever its beginnings, its worshippers now include some of the most powerful noblemen, richest merchants and wisest sages in all of Italy, Germany and France. Princes and potentates are proud to be humble though secret members. The new convert, though frightened of what lies ahead for him this night, is proud of the honor and shakily determined to go through with it—no matter what happens.

After hours of waiting and tearful meditation, he is led slowly, step by step, along a dark and winding underground path. He emerges into a hall so vast that he can hardly see the opposite wall, which is black, like the ceiling and floor and everything else in this strange place. In fact, the convert asks himself, are the walls really black—or do they just disappear into the eternal night of this subterranean chamber? In the light from three tiny lamps he can barely make out the figures of serpents undulating across the floor. Are they embroidery—are they paintings—or are they real?

Suddenly he gasps and falls to his knees as he notices an altar formed of human bones. Skulls are scattered about the floor, and between them are careless piles of ancient books, their yellowed pages somehow fallen open to an incantation for the raising of the dead!

The novice realizes he is now alone and remains on his knees in the swirling gloom, hoping that nothing worse than the things he has already seen

will materialize. He is disappointed. All about him, phantom figures, men and women with completely transparent bodies, begin to rise from the floor. They float across the enormous hall, groaning and writhing, and eventually disappear down into the blackness again. Hours pass.

Finally, three solid human beings arrive and he almost embraces them. They tie a ribbon dipped in blood around his head, strip his clothes off roughly and trace strange cabalistic signs on his naked body. As soon as this is done, more ghostly figures appear. These spread a richly woven carpet before the initiate and light a fire. A tremendous and incredible creature appears in the smoke of the fire, and all fall prostrate before him.

Slowly, awesomely, in the strangest accent ever heard, the creature in the smoke intones the words of the oath that the convert must repeat after him!

This, as closely as we can reconstruct it today from the half-burned documents of the secret society and the dry, legal reports of the government and church officials who destroyed it, was what an initiation into the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science was like. But what was the purpose of this organization?

That, alas, is lost forever. All we know today is what some of its leading members claimed to be able to do—and the names of its chief officers.

The name of its president was unmentionable: all that most members were ever told about him was that he lived somewhere in the mountains of the moon and followed a grand design of his own, which human beings could not be expected to understand!

Immediately under him in rank was a certain Count Alexander Cagliostro, Grand Cophta for Europe and Asia, followed by Seraphina, known as Grand Mistress of Egyptian Freemasonry.

This Count Cagliostro was a strange, heavy-set, brooding man for whom the raising of the devil was supposed to be the easiest item in his enormous bag of magical tricks. He was said to be able to take a

handful of pebbles gathered by a doubtful enemy along the seashore and transform them into perfect, glistening pearls! Many spoke in low voices of Seraphina's crystal ball, in which those she favored might be invited to view scenes from their past—and future. And Seraphina and Cagliostro between them were widely considered capable of making those legendary creatures, the bottled homunculi, who could answer any question a human put to them!

No one knew anything about Seraphina's background. Some members of the society dared whisper that she had been manufactured by Cagliostro himself, as an experiment, early in his career.

But Cagliostro—there was a history for you!

According to him, he was a prince of Trebizond who had been sold as a slave when that Eastern kingdom fell. He was purchased by one of the wisest men of the time, the Scherif of Mecca, and was given his freedom when the master decided that the young man had acquired all of his wisdom. Cagliostro began to travel in search of further wisdom and became a member of many strange sects in his pursuit of mystic knowledge. One of them, worshippers of the ancient Egyptian god, Osiris, reputedly taught him the elements of the new religion; another, a Domaniel of Alchemists, gave him control over inanimate matter. Finally, on the Isle of Malta, Althotas, the Wisest of Sages, was believed to have shown him how to generate the spark of life and how to contact that strange entity on the moon who, for reasons of his own, wanted a new religion established on Earth.

Whatever the purposes of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science, it flourished and became more and more powerful. Every important city in Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, had a lodge of the society—and everywhere the most important men in the kingdom might well turn out to be members or worshippers.

How the society was destroyed is still a matter for argument. Many believe it was discredited when Cagliostro was arrested for his part in the theft of a fabulous diamond necklace from the court of Marie Antoinette. No one ever found the necklace—its value, by the way, was estimated at just a

little more than the price of a battleship!—and the details of the robbery were so confused and so mixed with royal scandal and the approaching rumbles of the French Revolution that Cagliostro and his fellow-suspects were released.

But some of the more powerful members of the society began to wonder about the Grand Cophta for Europe and Asia. Were the miracles they had seen no more than carefully-rigged fakes?

On December 29th, 1789 Cagliostro and Seraphina were arrested on their way to Rome by the Holy Inquisition. And that was that.

In a very little while, a new story began to come out of the Castle of St. Angelo where they were imprisoned. Seraphina was talking fast—and as she did, she drew a novel picture of the man known as Count Alexander of Cagliostro, Heir to the Golden Throne of Trebizond, Pupil Adored of the Wisest Sage Althotas, Foster Son of the Scherif of Mecca, and called by him the Unfortunate Child of Nature, Grand Master Supreme of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science and Grand Cophta of Europe and Asia.

She said he was no more than an apothecary's apprentice named Giuseppe Balsamo, born in Palermo, Sicily, in 1743. That he was a town bully and ne'er-do-well who'd been in every scrap imaginable before he'd met and married her in Rome. That she had made him into Cagliostro and given him every idea he'd ever had!

According to the story, they died in the dungeons of the Castle St. Angelo, screaming hatred at each other, the greatest swindler the world has ever known and the woman who almost founded a religion with him. But there are those who say that his downfall began when he tried to make a private profit out of the society, that the unknown creature living in the mountains of the moon was displeased by his theft of the Queen's diamond necklace and disowned him.

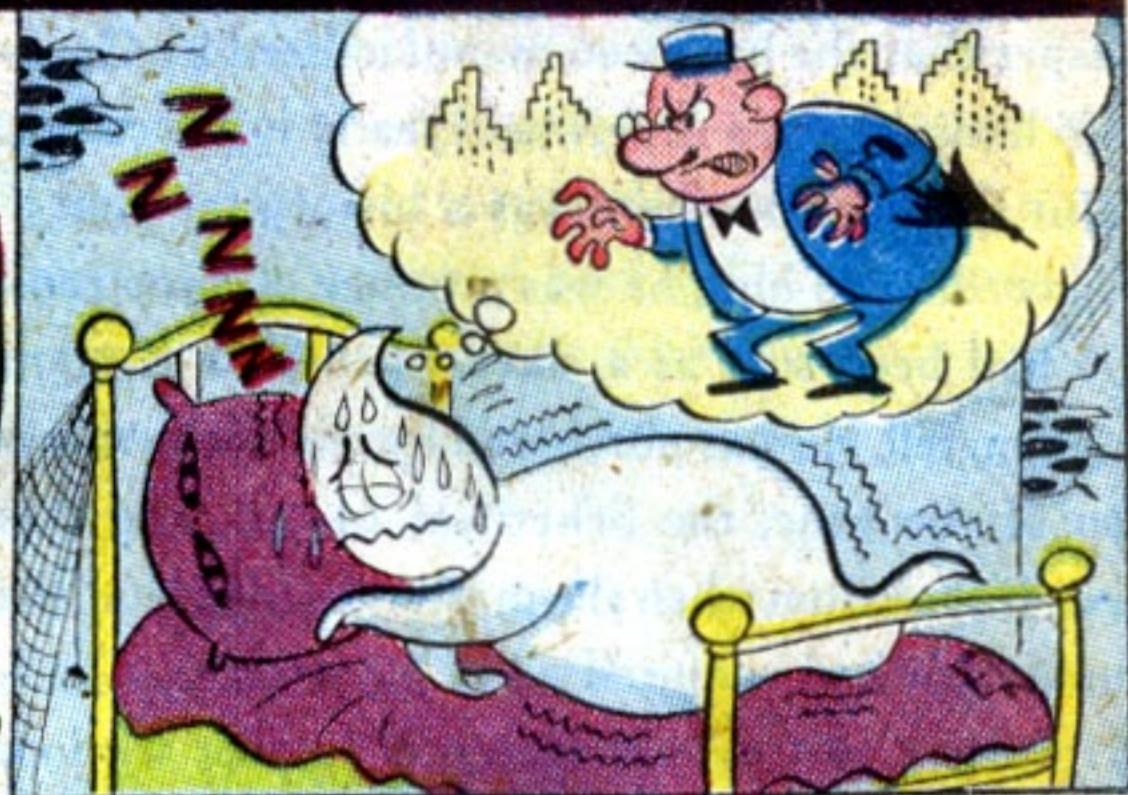
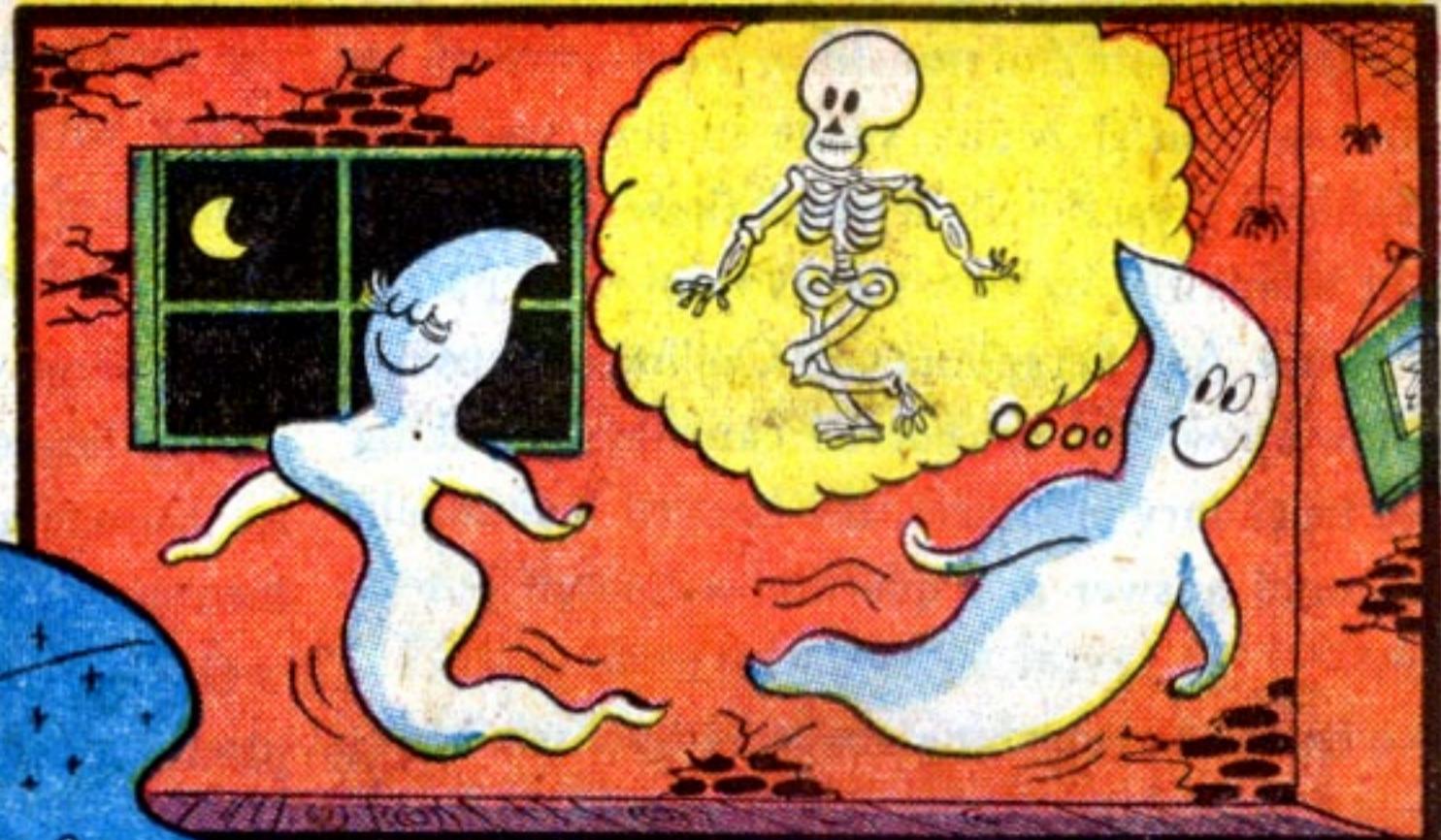
And that this strange creature is worshipped to this very day, for plans of his own which are being slowly worked out by a modern form of the society—and by descendants of Cagliostro and Seraphina!

THE END

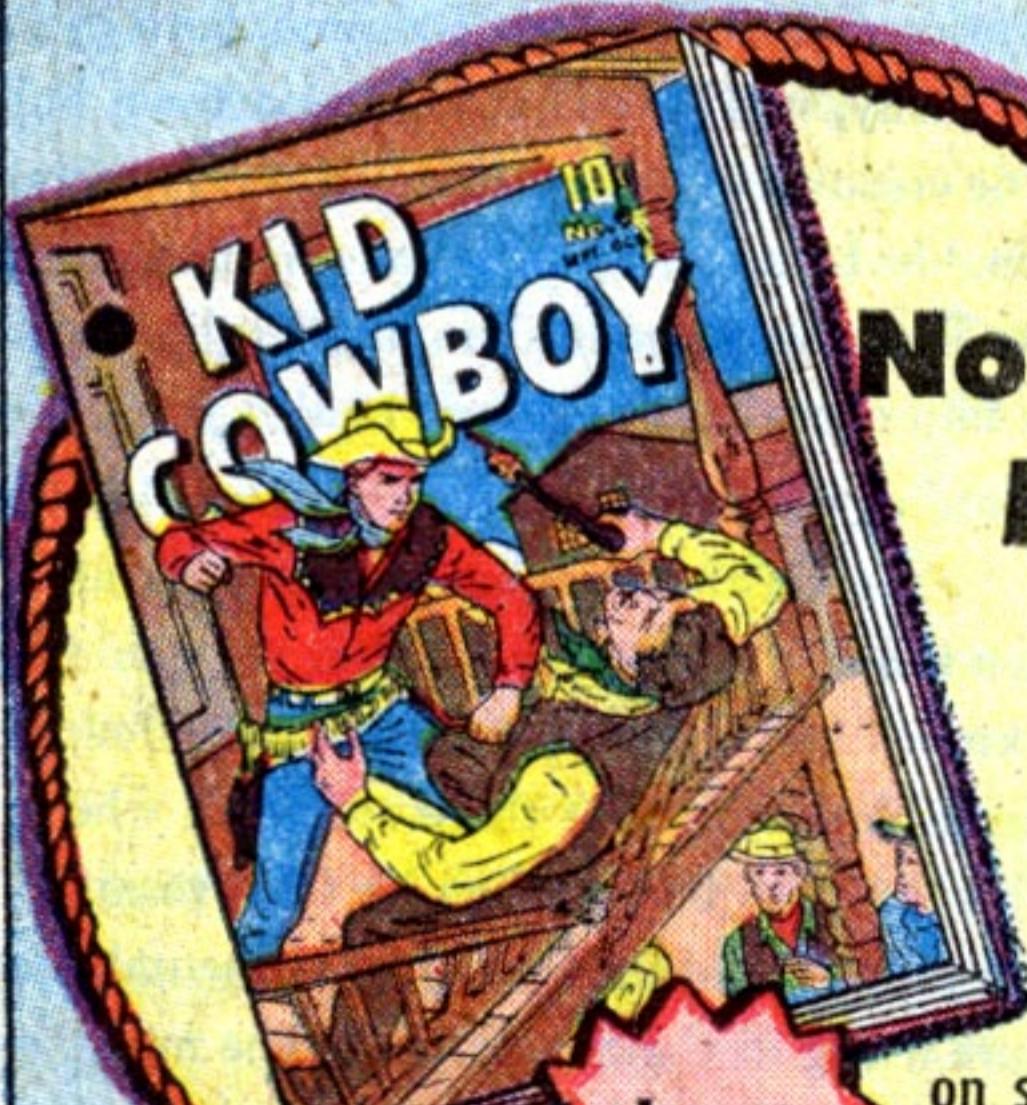
GIGGLES AND GHOSTS



JICI
MARTIN



BOY MARVEL OF THE WILD WEST!



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WHAT IS MORE HARMLESS THAN A BIRD?
YET THE MOST TIMID CREATURE CAN
BE STIRRED TO VENGEANCE. FOR WHEN
A MAN COMMITS MURDER, HE CAN EXPECT
NO MERCY! EVEN THE BIRDS FLY TO HIM ON...

WINGS of DEATH!



HHIGH IN THE ROCKIES, WARREN AMES, THE NOTED HUNTER, BAGS A PRIZE... A RARE WHITE EAGLE...



YOU HAVE KILLED KING OF THE BIRDS! HIS SUBJECTS WILL AVENGE HIM!

FOOL! YOU ALMOST SPOILED MY AIM! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GUIDE ME -- NOT TALK!





JOE, GIVE ME A BREAK! MY LUCK'S BEEN BAD-- BUT IT'LL TURN AND...

I'M A BOOKIE, AMES! I'VE GIVEN YOU ENOUGH BREAKS! I GIVE YOU JUST SEVENTY-TWO HOURS TO GET ME THAT DOUGH-- OR ELSE!

AN' THIS'LL SHOW YOU I AIN'T KIDDIN'! ALL RIGHT, JOE! I'LL-- I'LL GET THE MONEY!

AFTER THE GAMBLER LEAVES..

HE MEANS IT! HE'LL KILL ME! WHERE CAN I RAISE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS? I COULD RUN AWAY... BUT HE'D FIND ME!... WHERE CAN I GET THAT MONEY?



GLORIA! SHE'S STILL CRAZY ABOUT ME, AND SHE'S RICH! I'LL CALL HER!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN GLORIA KANE'S LUXURIOUS APARTMENT...

WHY, WARREN! THIS IS A SURPRISE! YOU WANT TO SEE ME? BUT, OF COURSE, DARLING! COME RIGHT OVER!



I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS! SO HE'S COMING TO ME! I KNOW HE OWES JOE ARNOLD MONEY! I'LL MAKE HIM SQUIRM!

SOON...

... AND THAT'S HOW IT IS, GLORIA! PLEASE HELP ME!

SO YOU NEED ME NOW, WARREN? FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU EXPECT ME TO FORGET THE WAY YOU JILTED ME?





LEAVING THROUGH A SERVICE ENTRANCE,
WARREN REACHES THE STREET, AND...

I STILL DON'T
HAVE THE DOUGH FOR
ARNOLD! BUT MAYBE
I CAN MAKE A DEAL
WITH HIM! THIS
RING IS WORTH
FIVE GRAND! I'LL
SEE HIM TOMORROW!



THAT'S RIGHT!
A LITTLE MATTER
OF FIVE THOUSAND--
YOU GOT IT?

NOT IN CASH!
BUT SOMETHING JUST
AS GOOD!



THIS RING--IT'S
WORTH FIVE GRAND
...WHAT'S WRONG?
WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING AT ME
THAT WAY?

I KNOW WHERE
YOU GOT THAT
RING! I GAVE
IT TO GLORIA FOR
A BIRTHDAY PRESENT!
YOU KILLED HER!

THE NEXT DAY, AT JOE
ARNOLD'S PLACE...

I DID TOO--ONCE!
IT'S TOO BAD SHE'S
DEAD! BUT I DIDN'T
COME TO TALK
ABOUT HER!



I LOVED HER!
YOU'LL PAY FOR
IT! I'M
CALLING
THE COPS!
JOE--
NO!!



LUCKY NOBODY HEARD THE SHOT! I'M IN A FIX NOW! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN--BUT FAST!

I COULD GO ON A HUNTING TRIP UP TO THE SHACK... BUT... BUT... I'M AFRAID... THOSE BIRDS... THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR ME!

I MUST BE GETTING SOFT! I'M WARREN AMES, THE HUNTER! I'M NOT GOING TO LET A STUPID INDIAN LEGEND SCARE ME! I'M GOING TO THE SHACK!

SO WARREN AMES DEPARTS ON HIS HUNTING TRIP, CONFIDENT THAT HE IS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...

THIS BLASTED RAIN! IT'LL MAKE THESE DIRT ROADS IMPASSABLE!

SOON...

THE CAR'S STUCK--BUT GOOD! NOTHING TO DO BUT TAKE OFF FOR THE SHACK ON FOOT!

SOME TIME LATER...

PHEW! WHAT A HIKE! I'LL BE GLAD OF A NIGHT'S SLEEP!

THERE'S SOMETHING CREEPY ABOUT THIS PLACE! I FEEL AS THOUGH EVERY MOVE I MAKE IS BEING WATCHED! FELT IT ALL THE WAY UP HERE!

TH E N E X T E V E N I N G . . .

IT LOOKS

BETTER IN THE SUN-
SHINE! I'LL MAKE
SOME COFFEE
AND THEN GO DIG
THE CAR OUT!

WHAT A ROCK! IN A
COUPLE OF MONTHS I'LL
SELL IT FOR FIVE GRAND!
EVERYTHING WORKED OUT
FINE! IF YOU'RE SMART-
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH
ANYTHING--EVEN MURDER!

WHAT'S THAT? OH--A
SPARROW! I'M GETTING
JUMPY! THAT CRAZY
INDIAN'S TALK ABOUT
THE BIRDS... IT'S JUST
SUPERSTITION!

SUDDENLY...

ALL THESE BIRDS! I DIDN'T
HEAR THEM! WHY ARE THEY
WATCHING ME? NO! NO!
LET ME ALONE!

TH E N , AS IF AT A SIGNAL,
THE BIRDS CLOSE IN...

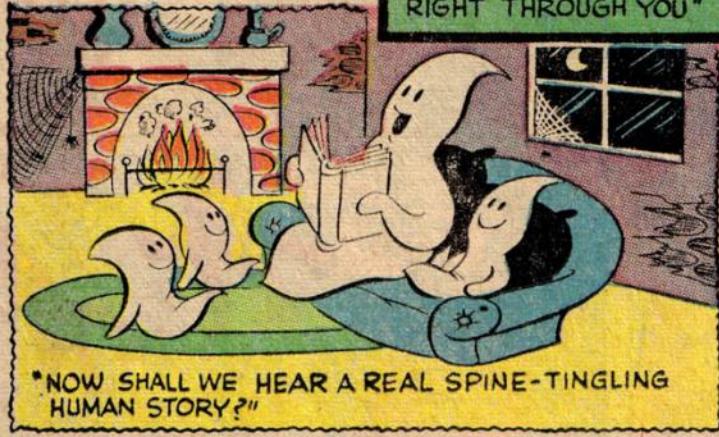
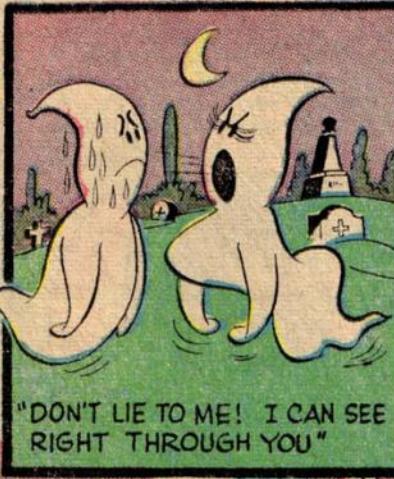
HELP!!
HELP!!

FOR A FEW MOMENTS, HE
STRUGGLES WILDLY... AND THEN...

TH E WINGS OF DEATH FLUTTER AWAY, HIS LAST
SCREAM OF TERROR DIES, AND WARREN AMES HAS
PAID THE PENALTY FOR A DOUBLE MURDER, AND
THE BIRDS HAVE AVENGED THEIR KING...

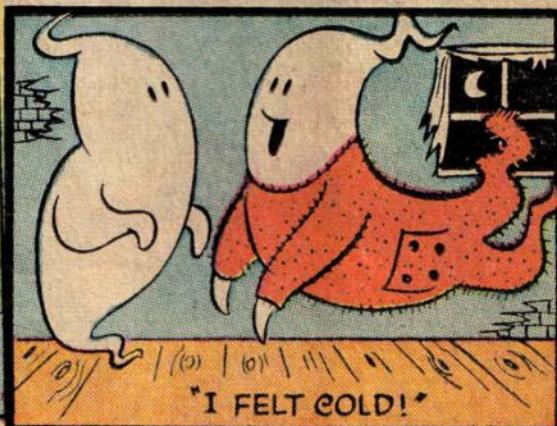
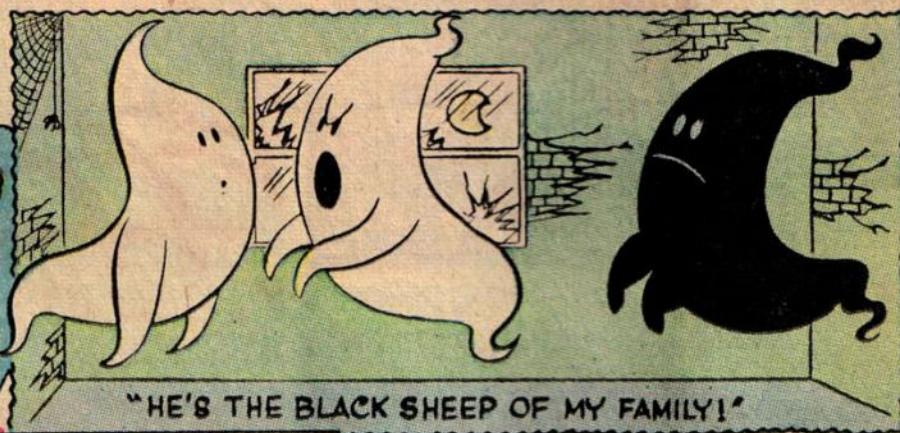
THE
END

GRAVEYARD GUFFAWS



SPIRIT SPASMS

VIC MARTIN



A KILLER WANTED IN THE STATES, JIM WOLFE HAD FACED TERROR MANY TIMES. BUT NEVER HAD HE FELT THE BOTTOMLESS HORROR THAT ASSAILED HIM IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF VOODOO-RIDDEN HAITI, WHEN HE FACED THE SPIRIT OF KING HENRI CHRISTOPHE I, AND THE RELENTLESSLY ADVANCING, GHOSTLY RANKS OF...

"ALL THE KING'S MEN"



JIM WOLFE, WANTED FOR MURDER, ARRIVES AT THE COFFEE PLANTATION OF HIS OLD FRIEND, DAN McGRAW, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF HAITI.

STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.
WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF, YOU
CAN GO BACK TO THE
STATES. NO ONE WILL
EVER FIND YOU HERE!

YOU'RE A
PAL, MCGRAW!



YOU'VE GOT THE
RUN OF THE
PLACE, BUT DON'T
GET IN WRONG
WITH THE NATIVES!
THEY PRACTICE
VOODOO, AND THAT'S
MIGHTY BAD
MEDICINE!

VOODOO? DON'T
TELL ME YOU
BELIEVE IN **THAT**
MALARKEY!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

HEY, FRANCOIS! WHAT'S THAT BIG FORT UP THERE?

IT IS THE CITADEL LA FERRIERE, M'SIEU WOLFE/HENRI CHRISTOPHE BUILT IT! HE WAS HAITI'S ONLY KING, AND A CRUEL MAN!

YEAH? WHAT'S THAT BIG TRIANGLE-SHAPED END STICKING OUT OF IT?

THAT IS CALLED THE PROW, BECAUSE IT IS SHAPED LIKE THE BOW OF A SHIP! IT HAS A HISTORY EVEN BLOODIER THAN THE REST OF THE CITADEL! LISTEN TO WHAT THAT PIG, CHRISTOPHE, DID ON THE PROW!

"ABOUT 1800, CHRISTOPHE WANTED TO IMPRESS AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL! HE TOOK HIM OUT ON THE PROW, AND..."

OF COURSE THE DISCIPLINE OF ENGLISH TROOPS IS UNSURPASSED, YOUR MAJESTY!

DO YOU THINK SO, ADMIRAL? HA! I WILL SHOW YOU DISCIPLINE!

CAPITAIN!

WE SHALL REVIEW MY TROOPS, ADMIRAL! PROCEED, CAPITAIN!

THEY MARCH BEAUTIFULLY, BUT ARE THEY NOT APPROACHING THE EDGE TOO CLOSELY?

YOU WILL SEE WHY HAITI IS SAFE FROM ALL INVADERS! MY SOLDIERS WILL NOT FALTER--THEY WILL OBEY ME TO THE DEATH!

TELL THEM TO STOP! THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!

NOW, PERHAPS YOU WILL TELL YOUR ENGLISH KING OF THE GLORY AND MIGHT OF HAITI AND THE DISCIPLINE OF MY SOLDIERS!

THE ENTIRE COMPANY MARCHED OVER THE EDGE AND WERE DASHED TO DEATH HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW! NOW THEIR GHOSTS HAUNT THE CITADEL!

I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, FRANCOIS, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME, ASK THE MAMALO!! SHE WILL TELL YOU OF THE GHOSTS WHO GUARD CHRISTOPHE'S BURIED GOLD IN THE CITADEL'S SECRET TUNNEL!

GOLD? NOW, THAT'S REALLY INTERESTING! A MAMALO! IS A VOODOO PRIESTESS, ISN'T SHE? TAKE ME TO HER!

"A FEW HOURS LATER..."

FRANCOIS TELLS
ME YOU KNOW
OF THE GOLD
BURIED IN
THE CITADEL.
MAMOLO!"

OUI! BUT TO
FIND IT IS NOT
WISE! LISTEN,
HENRI CHRISTOPHE
ROSE FROM A
SLAVE TO BECOME
KING OF HAITI,
AFTER HE DROVE
NAPOLEON'S ARMY
FROM OUR
SHORES...

"CHRISTOPHE WAS VAIN AS A WOMAN! HE SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH POMP AND LUXURY! HE BUILT MANY PALACES. SANS SOUCI WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL!"

FINISHED! A PALACE
WORTHY OF HENRI I,
EMPEROR OF ALL HAITI!

"BECAUSE CHRISTOPHE FEARED BOTH INVASION
FROM WITHOUT AND REBELLION FROM WITHIN,
HE BUILT THE CITADEL. WHEN IT WAS
CONSTRUCTED, CHRISTOPHE PRESERVED ITS
SECRETS BY..."

WELL, FELIX,
ONLY YOU
AND I KNOW
THE SECRETS
OF THE CITADEL!

I AM THE PROUDEST OF
ARCHITECTS, YOUR MAJESTY!
AND THE PLANS OF THE
FORT AND THE SECRET
TUNNEL CONNECTING IT TO
SANS SOUCI WILL BE
FOREVER SAFE
WITH ME!

INDEED THEY WILL,
FELIX! INDEED
THEY WILL!

"THE FEARED REVOLT FINALLY CAME AND CHRISTOPHE,
AT SANS SOUCI, TOOK FRIGHT WHEN HE SAW HIS
GENERALS DESERT TO THE ENEMY..."

DOWN WITH CHRISTOPHE!
DEATH TO THE TYRANT!

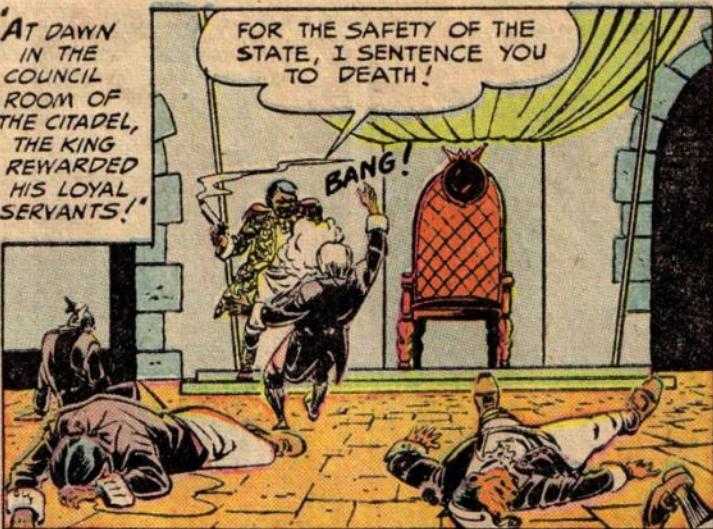
HURRY! FETCH THE GOLD
FROM THE TREASURY!
WE MUST FLEE!



"CHRISTOPHE MARSHALLED A FEW LOYAL SERVANTS TO CARRY HIS TREASURE INTO THE SECRET TUNNEL AND BURY IT..."



"AT DAWN IN THE COUNCIL ROOM OF THE CITADEL, THE KING REWARDED HIS LOYAL SERVANTS!"



"CHRISTOPHE FINALLY SHOT HIMSELF WITH A GOLD BULLET, BELIEVING THAT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD KILL HIM! THE LOCATIONS OF THE TUNNEL AND THE TREASURE DIED WITH HIM!"



WOLFE DETERMINED TO FIND CHRISTOPHE'S TREASURE. HE RODE THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO SANS SOUCI...

PLEASE, M'SIEU WOLFE! DO NOT DO THIS THING! IT IS DANGEROUS!



THE GHOSTS ARE THERE TO PROTECT THE TREASURE — ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CHRISTOPHE'S GRANDEUR! AND ALL WHO HAVE SOUGHT HIS GOLD HAVE DIED MYSTERIOUSLY! BE WARNED, M'SIEU, BEFORE YOU, TOO, DIE!



WITHOUT PAUSING TO EAT OR SLEEP, WOLFE FEVERISHLY SEARCHED THE GARDENS OF SANS SOUCI, REALIZING THAT THE KEY TO THE PUZZLE MUST BE THERE, RATHER THAN AT THE CITADEL. FINALLY...



THE STATUE SWUNG
BACK BEHIND ME!

SQUEAK!
GRIND!

HOURS LATER...

NO SIGN OF
ANY GOLD!

MY FLASHLIGHT!
IT'S GOING OUT!

AS DARKNESS CLOSES IN, PANIC SIEZES WOLFE, AND HE RUNS HEADLONG THROUGH THE TUNNEL, PURSUED BY THE REVERBERATIONS OF HIS OWN FOOTSTEPS, HIS ECHOING SCREAMS, AND A PRESENCE THAT HE FEELS BUT CANNOT SEE...

HELP!
HELP ME!

ELPI.
ELPI.

THE CITADEL AT
LAST! I'LL BE
SAFE NOW!

I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND
MY WAY OUT OF
THIS MAUSOLEUM!

WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?

BOOM!
BOOM!

TOM-TOMS!

ARE THOSE MY FOOTSTEPS--
OR THOSE OF AN ARMY?

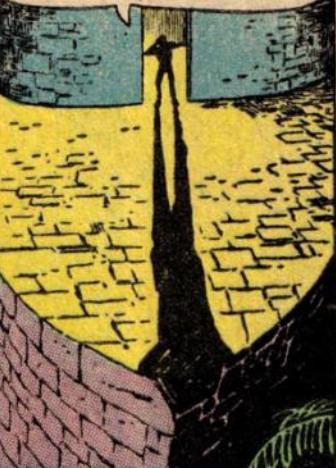
TRAMP!
TRAMP! TRAMP!

THIS MUST BE
THE COUNCIL
ROOM -- GOTTA
STOP -- CATCH
MY BREATH--

THAT
BLASTED
ECHO!

DEATH!

AH! IT'S BETTER OUT
HERE IN THE FRESH
AIR! I'M NEVER GOING
BACK IN THAT TUNNEL!
TO THE DEVIL WITH
CHRISTOPHE'S GOLD! LET
HIM KEEP IT -- FOREVER!



THE NATIVES ARE STILL
BEATING THEIR TOM-
TOMS! THE SOUND
SEEMS TO BE
COMING FROM
ALL OVER,
NOW!

ATTENTION!
LE ROI!
IT IS INDEED
A MAGNIFICENT
FORTRESS, YOUR
MAJESTY!



VOICES! BUT
WHERE? WHOSE?



OF COURSE, THE DISCIPLINE
OF ENGLISH TROOPS IS
UNSURPASSED!

HA! LET ME
SHOW YOU
THE DISCIPLINE
OF MY DEVOTED
SOLDIERS!



IT.. IT'S HIM -- THE
KING -- CHRISTOPHE!



EH, BIEN,
ADMIRAL, SHALL
WE REVIEW
MY TROOPS?

THE STORY
FRANCOIS TOLD
ME -- IT'S
COME TO
LIFE!

PROCEED,
CAPITAINE!



STAND BACK! I'LL PLUG THE FIRST GUY THAT COMES NEAR ME! STAND BACK!

YOU SEE, ADMIRAL, MY MEN OBEY ME TO THE DEATH!

STOP THEM! STOP THEM-- YOU-- YOUR MAJESTY!

STOP!

BANG!
BLAM!

NO! NO!!

NO...
A-A-ARGH!

IS IT NOT AS I TOLD YOU,
M'SIEU WOLFE? THE LOYAL
SOLDIERS OF HENRI
CHRISTOPHE GUARD THEIR
KING'S TREASURE WELL,
DO THEY NOT?

The End

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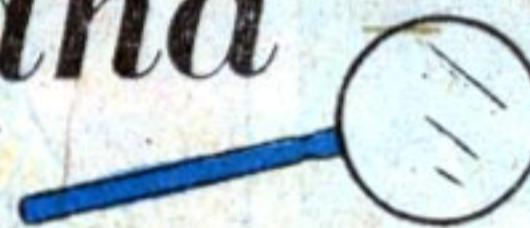
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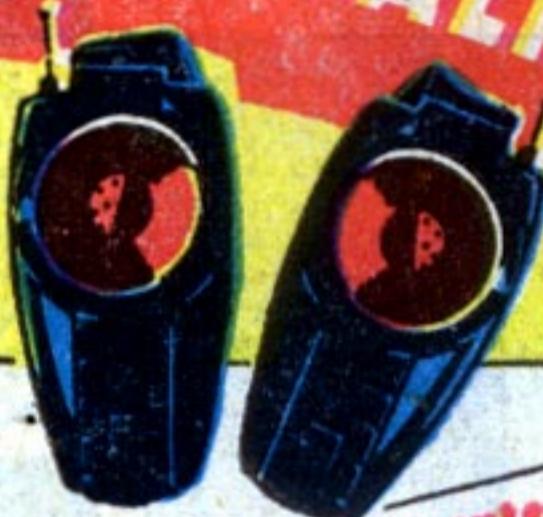
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OF THIS
WORLD

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SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.
SPINDLE-
ARMED **SISSY** below
WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

NOW

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



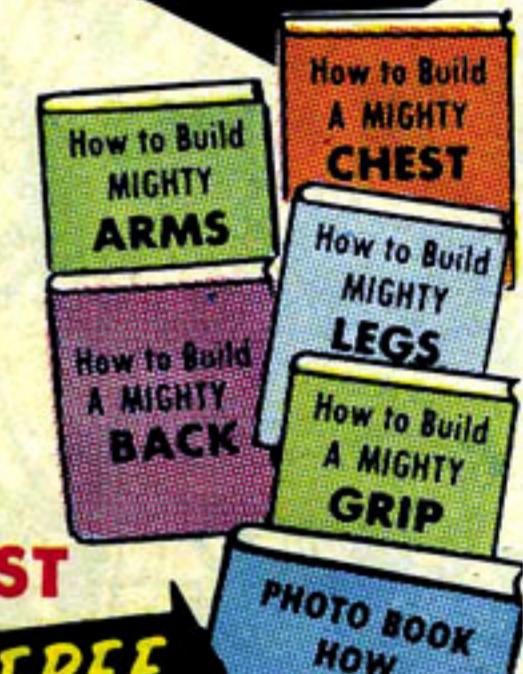
ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add
6½ inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



FREE

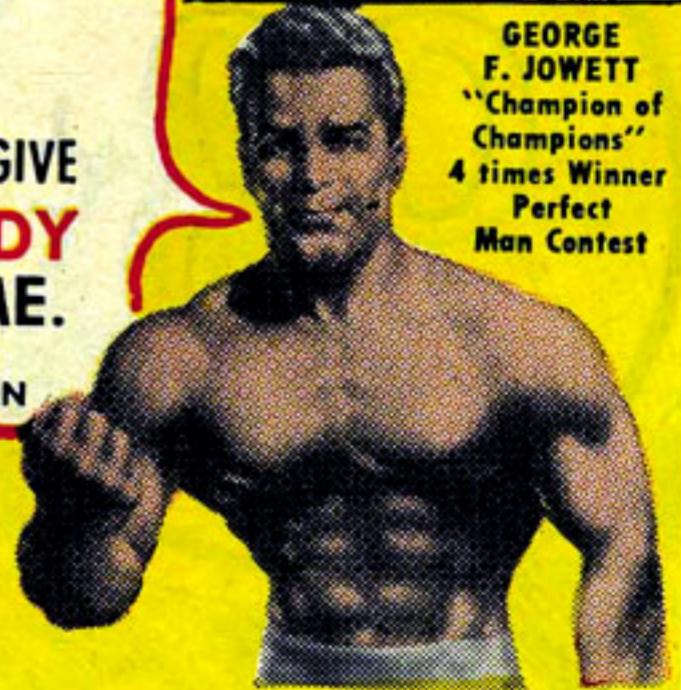


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YOU GIVE ME

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For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

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